

OMEN



Getting your 8th Grade teacher drunk

**Evan disusses huge
throbing man meat.**

**How to make your teeth
look bigger in less than
ten seconds.**

**Poundsigning
Deathfest**

**The Omen Plays Hide and
Go Seek with A Gnome**

AND YOU CAN TOO (details within)

Table of Contents

FOR THE FOURTH ISSUE IN THE 33RD VOLUME OF THE OMEN ON
NOVEMBER THE TENTH IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 2009.

Section Hate

Hate Mail 4

Alex Wenchel

I'm Pissed Off Too 4

Dan Taub

Section Speak

The Omen Plays Hide and Seek 7

Alex Wenchel

What is the PARC Office? 8

Tabitha Boschetti

#deathfest 12

Stephen Morton

I have things to say. 17

Alex Wenchel

Section Lies

The Three Days of the Lolocaust 18

David Axel Kurtz

Things I Got While Trick or Treating 26

Victoria Quine

Useless Mindscrambled Ramble 27

Mia Metivier



To Submit:

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Email your submissions to submittotheomen@gmail.com, or mail them to box 1394.

“The fuck?!? The internet is stupid!”

—Victoria Quine, on Dumbledore

Front cover:

Alex Wenchel

Back cover:

Layout & Editing **STAFF**

| | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| Evan Silberman | Matt's Barber Shop |
| David Axel Kurtz | Boistrous pies |
| Stephen Morton | Special Burning Lap Gold |
| Alex Wenchel | A sad Evan face |

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Zaidee Everett | Thundercloud |
|----------------|--------------|

| | |
|----------------|------------|
| Tatiana Soutar | Cuttlefish |
|----------------|------------|

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Victoria Quine | Tits or GTFO |
|----------------|--------------|

| | |
|--------------|---|
| Molly Mcleod | & |
|--------------|---|

| | |
|------------|-------------------------|
| Tara Jacob | Rosie the Rivet Juggler |
|------------|-------------------------|

| | |
|------------------|------|
| Tamara al-Bassam | Bear |
|------------------|------|

| | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| Lindsay Barbieri | George Takei's genitals |
|------------------|-------------------------|

| | |
|------------|---------------------------------------|
| Bera Dunau | I love and accept you for who you are |
|------------|---------------------------------------|

| | |
|------------------|-----------|
| Lindsay Barbieri | Sprinkles |
|------------------|-----------|

EDITORIAL

Computers

by Evan Silberman

I love computers. My Div II and my anticipated Div III are both based on doing things with computers. So it brings me great joy to announce to you all that this issue of the Omen is being produced on a brand spankin' new computer. Let me tell you, this is pretty exciting.

To be quite honest, there are times when I like computers more than people. No computer has ever accused me of being a racist, nor has a computer ever spoiled my afternoon by asserting that the college I attend and am rather fond of is headed into the toilet for one reason or another.

Computers don't reject me. They may cause me great amounts of consternation when I am trying to get them to work properly, but with or without functioning operating systems, desktop environments, or hard drives, computers are always there for me at the end of the day. When I unleash streams of hate and profanity at people, they tend to not enjoy talking to me as much after that, but I can yell at my computers as long as I want and they will sit

there, implacable, unperturbable. When my anger is gone, they still accept me.

Most people seem to find the idea of cuddling with me somewhat upsetting. At least, that's what I would assume, given that whenever I meet someone new and try to cuddle with them, they tend to get all standoffish and move quickly away. Computers, on the other hand, are always ready for a cuddle. I can bring them in bed with me and press my warm body against theirs, listening to the reassuring whir of the CPU fans and the quiet whine of the hard drive spinning down as they fall asleep.

Computers are giving lovers.

Anyway, uh, apart from all of that, this here is another issue of the Omen. It has a lot of goofy stuff in it, and only a few things by David Axel Kurtz. There's some exciting gnome-based contest that Alex dreamed up, and various other adornments and oddities for your reading pleasure. If you submitted recently and your article isn't here, it'll be in the next one, no fear. Everyone else, submit!

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited,

and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Friday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

The Omen Haiku

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

SECTION **HATE**


Hate Mail

by Alex Wenchel

Editor's notes:

I'm about three steps away from punching Evan's face in. For he is like a thorn in my heel. There is very likely no individual in this world who I more want to beat at this very moment than Evan while he is working on The Omen. I am growing more and more full of rage. Soon the time will come that I can no longer take it! SOON THE TIME WILL COME. That is all.

Follow up:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HE MUST BE STOPPED! HE WOULD NOT LET
ME GET A BEVERAGE! HE IS CONTROLLING.
NEXT TIME I WILL LOCK HIM OUT OF THIS
DAMN DIRTY OFFICE AND  EDIT THE OMEN
BY MESELF. KABOOOM!!!!




Tara Jacob

I'm Pissed Off Too

by Dan Taub

Everyone is pissed off this year. We're pissed off at Hexter, we're pissed off at Public Safety, we're pissed off about being pissed off. I don't know how much more I can take! The summer was a miserable experience. Living with parents and awkward parties with old high school friends was just the start of the misery. Needless to say, I was pissed off – I'm not eating dinner at 8:00 PM because that's the only time the whole family can be around the dinner table. Fuck that, I'm hungry. The cat gets to eat at 5:30 PM and I have to wait until 8:00 PM?

Coming back to Hampshire, my home, my getaway, my love, was supposed to be a relaxing experience. But, no. You all ruined it for me and now I'm pissed off too, if not more pissed off than all of you. And to be honest, half of the time I don't even know what I'm pissed off about. There used to be a reason or a purpose to my aggression and now it seems once one person gets pissed off I think to myself, shit, they're right.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is war. Gather your insults, your mockeries, and your banters. It's passed the point of cooling down and simmering out. If a historian were to document this "era" in Hampshire history, it would be whatever the Greek word for being pissed off is – I suck at languages, don't ask me. Of course, maybe we were all just pissed off from the beginning. 

The Omen was asked if it could reprint the FiCom report on Sam Light's misuse of the Student Activities Fund. Since this thing is many pages and we don't have time to secure permission to print it before deadline, we encourage you all to read it at <http://snurl.com/t59g1> (PDF) before enjoying the following submissions:

Impeach Sam Light! by Amelia Freeman

Can someone please tell me why the hell this guy is still on COCA as a CoChair? Sam Light received \$1000 in Community Council stipends last year in addition to stealing an additional 500 from the SAF fund. This school is bad off enough as it is. Please email COCA at hampshirecoca@gmail.com and Community Council at ccouncil@hampshire.edu and tell them to IMPEACH SAM LIGHT.

Re: COCA by Joshua Landes

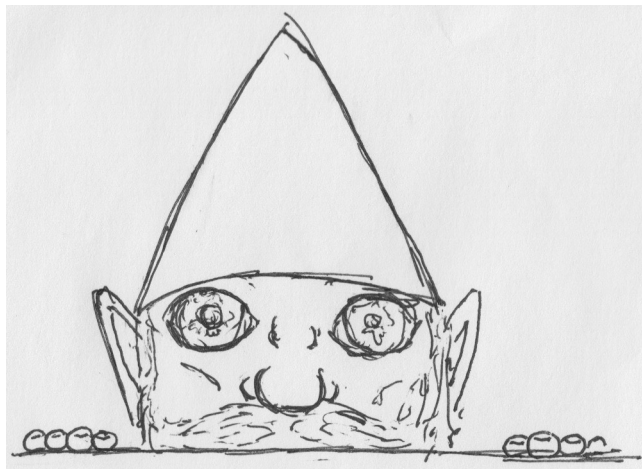
When I read the FiCom Fall 2009 Official Report entitled "Regarding COCA Hampstore Purchases During 2008-2009," a number of questions unanswered by the report struck me as worth presenting to our community, our student leadership, and our administration. For one, it struck me as odd that COCA's financial oversight fell to a single concerned Hampstore employee (who's response in this circumstance was extremely admirable). If this embarrassing episode ends with any grace, it will be with the assurance of our college and our peer leadership that a system of oversight be implemented over the spending of our Student Activity Fee that amounts to more than a joke. Secondly, the current "punishment" inflicted on Mr. Light amounts to disabling his ability to further steal from his peers. Despite stripping him of his signer status, he remains a figurehead of COCA and one intimately related to how it deals with the Student Activity Fee account that he was actively plundering for an academic year. Is this the message we want to send as a community to those who have shown the capacity

to use the meager authority of a student leadership position to steal? The report points to a Community Review Board meeting vaguely, but we need to know as soon as possible what will happen to someone who we continue to entrust with the allocation of thousands and thousands of dollars. Lastly, the means in which the administration allowed this information to emerge points to their own befuddlement: a heading added to FiCom's hampedia page does not amount in my eyes to either an admittance of the apparent breakdown of leadership on administrative and student levels or as respectful to a community of students who were fleeced. One wonders how voting for council positions this fall would have been affected by the damning report that points to the entire council's incompetence. To every student at Hampshire, this is an insult. The fact that Mr. Light refers to his larcenous activities in the report as what he perceived to be a "perk" of his position is even more offensive. This is a sad story for our college- it's petty, it's humiliating, and it's depressing. Let's clean up COCA and force the administration to tell us exactly what they found during their inquest: how much Mr. Light purchased on our dime, how often, and at what times. If this article seems reactionary and harsh, I recommend you read the report, which uses the following phrases to characterize COCA's behavior: "alarming," "a breach of trust," "troublesome," and "led... by insufficient and misguided leadership."

I would like to use this letter as an invitation for Mr. Light to do the only honorable thing he can do in these circumstances: publically apologize and step down from his position on COCA immediately. We can wait for a board to tell us what the report- and within it, Mr. Light- already has, or Mr. Light can display an immense amount of integrity by admitting to his wrong-doings and remove himself from office.

In response to Hampedia's handling of attempts by myself and other students to add these findings to Sam Light's Hampedia page, I would point to this excerpt from the report: "Given Sam's position as a representative of the student body to student government and the administration, FiCom has decided that this investigation is a matter of public record." Hampedia creator Jose Fuentes has characterized these attempts as a breach of privacy; I insist that the only breach of privacy significant to this episode was the one in which Mr. Light stole from his fellow students. It is not a breach of privacy to cite a public figure for their crimes against the community they purport to serve.

This is one student's response to this travesty. I don't speak for anyone else at this college. I invite feedback to be directed at Mod 20, where I would love to hear your thoughts on this face to face, maybe over some tea. ☹



HAMPSHIRE IN BERLIN. SPRING 2011.

You too can take language classes from an adorably uncertain teacher. Contact geo@hampshire.edu

SECTION **SPEAK**

The Omen Plays Hide and Seek with the Omen Gnome by Alex Wenchel

Hidden somewhere on campus is what will henceforth be known as the Omen Gnome.

The rules of the game are simple.

1. Find the Gnome.

2. Take a picture of yourself with the gnome and as always with the Omen, your name.

3. Hide the Gnome.

4. Write clues as to his location.

5. Submit the clues to the Omen.

6. Let others find the Gnome.

Sadly there are several supplemental rules if you wish to play the game.

1. The Omen Gnome is Omen property and simply cannot be taken and not hidden. This would be stealing for Hampshire and is generally frowned upon by the community here.

2. The Gnome must be hidden on campus in a public space in a location that no one will find unless they are looking for him.

3. You must submit the location of the Gnome in plain English along with clues as to his location.

4. Do Not Give In To Your Desire To Steal The Gnome!

Now for the Hunt.

I'm hiding between two trees growing root to root, one dwarfed by the other. These two trees edge a clearing roughly ten paces wide. Step back one-hundred feet and you will find a pile of recycled wood destined for a garden. Just a few paces from there is constructed a shack full of containers that are themselves filled with containers. (remember, I am only 6 inches tall, I can hide just about anywhere) 🧝



Dear Kid Who Wrote That Article in the Last Omen:

★ "What the heck is the ★ **STAR** ★ office?" ★
★ ★

FUNNY you SHOULD ASK. ★

WE JUST CHANGED OUR NAME (OR, rather, CASA changed our name and thought about changing us some more, but then didn't... not yet anyway)

So... the S.T.A.R. office "stood" for

① student - to - student ① academic
① resource center

★ the, "T" debatably could be from "to" or even the second, "t" in student, or any other, "T." The archivists have yet to come to a consensus.

we are now

 **PARC**
OFFICE
Peer Academic Resource Center

So... what the hell is the **P.A.R.C.** of Fice? (or PARC... is, "office," redundant?)

Under any name, this place is a "student-run" resource where you can access samples of student work, tip sheets, and peer academic advice (we are currently staffed by 3 Div III students, and one lovely third year).

WE HAVE:

- Div I PORTFOLIOS
 - SELF-EVALUATIONS
 - Div II PORTFOLIOS, CONTRACTS, and a binder about the working process
 - RETROSPECTIVE ESSAYS
 - INDEPENDENT STUDY PROPOSALS
 - TIPS ON TIME MANAGEMENT, FINDING ADVISORS, ETC.
- AND MORE** ... and we're often adding new material)

ALSO:

- Dio III Abstracts, Pre-Library Dio III's
- A book of, "Dio III Horrors"

ALL FROM REAL* STUDENTS

WHERE is the P.A.R.C.?

it's through the DAKIN house office
enter through there & keep walking

(LINDA MOLLISON'S OFFICE: MERRILL's: PARC: DAKIN...
minus that whole those having different names too thing)

and we're open the same hours they are,

TYPICALLY 9AM - 6PM

MON-FRI
staffed most*** of those hours

SO, LOOK OUT FOR MORE INFORMATION AND HOT EVENTS
FROM YOUR FRIENDLY P.A.R.C, DROP IN DURING
OUR OFFICE HOURS, OR E-MAIL US AT ~~ster~~***@champhshire.edu

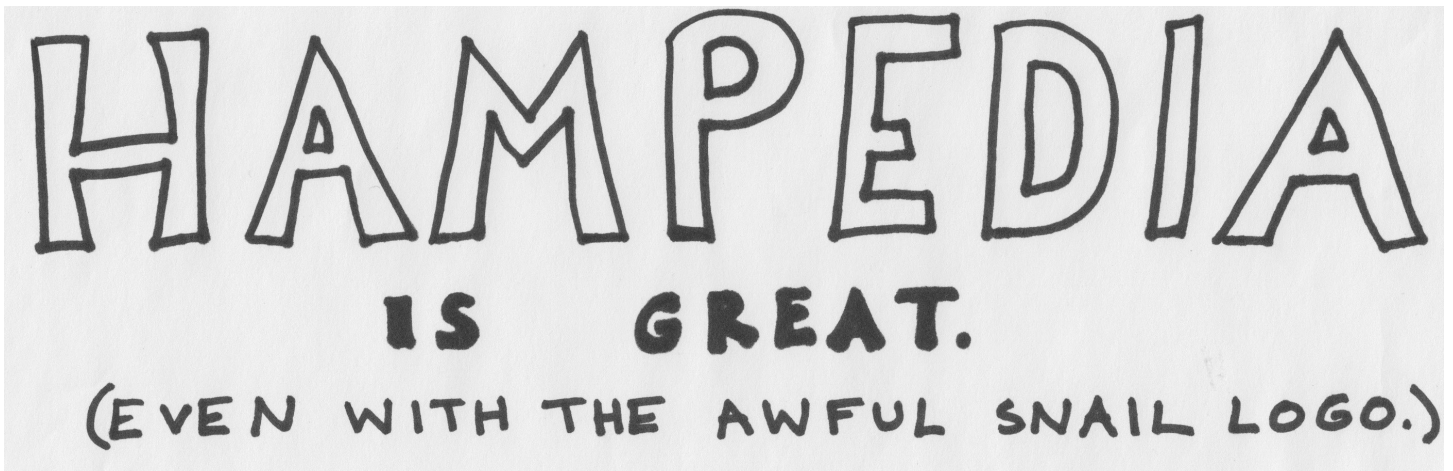
* Up to 10% of "real student" may consist of, "real corn"***
*** It's a rough gear, financially, and otherwise

THE NEW GAME

At Hampshire there is a new “The Game.”

1. You are playing it whenever you are in a room with more than one other person.
2. Every time you have a sexual thought about one of these people, you lose the game.
3. Every time you lose the game, you must announce this fact out loud.
4. But you cannot specify who caused you to lose the game.
5. ???
6. PROFIT!

-David Axel Kurtz



Tara Jacob



Stephen Morton

At #deathfest. Where the hell is marco? He needs to get here.

06:12 PM Oct 24th from web

The not enrolled bingo is apparently unwinnable. Sucks to be David Axel Kurtz [#Deathfest](#)

06:14 PM Oct 24th from web

I am spamming up the deathfest tag [#Deathfest](#) #spam #nooneelseisusingthishashtagrightnow

06:16 PM Oct 24th from web

Bera seems to be missing [#Deathfest](#)

06:34 PM Oct 24th from web

"Bera is now one hour and 45 minutes late" says @silby [#Deathfest](#)

06:35 PM Oct 24th from web

lulz I thought so [#Deathfest](#)

06:38 PM Oct 24th from web

to clarify: I do not suspect bera is actually missing. [#deathfest](#)

06:38 PM Oct 24th from web

"You don't think I know my friends just got sucked into motherfucking Ravenloft!" [#Deathfest](#)

06:40 PM Oct 24th from web

40 minutes in, no one has died yet in my tier one [#deathfest](#)

07:42 PM Oct 24th from web

"lava raptor" [#Deathfest](#)

07:49 PM Oct 24th from web

"I am going to throw mouse poop at the raptor" [#Deathfest](#)

07:54 PM Oct 24th from web

Alan Turing: "I develop a huge crush on Einstein." Einstein: "This could be worse." [#Deathfest](#)

08:01 PM Oct 24th from web

I have talked to two other people who are using the [#Deathfest](#) hashtag but have private accounts.

09:14 PM Oct 24th from web

recap time! [#Deathfest](#)

09:23 PM Oct 24th from web

"And then there was the giant brain that blew up! and..." [#Deathfest](#)

09:23 PM Oct 24th from web

plot: portal in castle in center of ravenloft: then to diner [#Deathfest](#)

09:26 PM Oct 24th from web

"The master wants you gone" [#Deathfest](#)

09:27 PM Oct 24th from web

Dead again now. Waiting for tier three to start [#Deathfest](#)

11:29 PM Oct 24th from web

A new car! A neeeeeew car! [#deathfest](#)

"if you are sick of me shouting into this microphone please shout at me! ...I hate you all." [#Deathfest](#)

11:34 PM Oct 24th from web

"This microphone is the best thing that has ever happened to me." [#deathfest](#)

11:35 PM Oct 24th from web

Tier three starting. [#Deathfest](#)

11:37 PM Oct 24th from web

castle at the center of ravenloft, lava moat [#Deathfest](#)

11:38 PM Oct 24th from web

go to portal at center of castle, go home, eat sibies, awesome [#Deathfest](#)

11:38 PM Oct 24th from web

starting to rain, bad in raven loft, follow bera [#Deathfest](#)

11:38 PM Oct 24th from web

in a library now, shabby version of beauty and the beast [#Deathfest](#)

11:39 PM Oct 24th from web

portal in the center, circle on the ground, tablets at three corners of the circle? [#Deathfest](#)

11:39 PM Oct 24th from web

characters are describing themselves now [#Deathfest](#)

11:40 PM Oct 24th from web

"I'm a ladybug who doesn't fly very well" [#Deathfest](#)

11:40 PM Oct 24th from web

a gem, a heart, and a bone, bera is dying or something [#Deathfest](#)

11:42 PM Oct 24th from web

no he just transformed into the saint of destruction, or "the blessed master of evil" [#Deathfest](#)

11:43 PM Oct 24th from web

fort save! [#Deathfest](#)

11:43 PM Oct 24th from web

below a 13, 2 points of damage as acid rips from you into bera and he grows nastier [#Deathfest](#)

11:44 PM Oct 24th from web

someone died [#Deathfest](#)

11:45 PM Oct 24th from web

about 2000 years ago, bera wanted to make everything nicer, but everyone else was terrible, so they need to fear him [#Deathfest](#)

11:46 PM Oct 24th from web

nearly conquered the universe, bound in ravenloft, split into 10 parts, now back together. [#Deathfest](#)

11:46 PM Oct 24th from web

"Unfortunately, in order to open this portal I need to kill you all." [#Deathfest](#)

11:47 PM Oct 24th from web

will save! [#Deathfest](#)

11:47 PM Oct 24th from web

below 15 is enchanted by the beautiful music, and walks single file towards bera's sword [#Deathfest](#)

11:48 PM Oct 24th from web

"I'm going to go away from all those people. Also I slap her." [#Deathfest](#)

11:49 PM Oct 24th from web

natural one to slap [#Deathfest](#)

11:49 PM Oct 24th from web

"you slap yourself and take 6 points of damage" [#Deathfest](#)

11:49 PM Oct 24th from web

crit fail on spitting on sain anslem, got in his eyes. "Prepare for death!" [#Deathfest](#)

11:50 PM Oct 24th from web

children have stopped singing, grown horns, rushing towards person [#Deathfest](#)

11:52 PM Oct 24th from web

trench coat of usefulness, crit fail, hand grenade, six points of damage [#Deathfest](#)

someone is praying to unknown gods, loki appears. Decides to drink some mead. Loki is now drinking in the corner. [#Deathfest](#)
11:54 PM Oct 24th from web

"Oh right, the demons! I'll... vomit on the demons. Oh, no, it's a two." [#Deathfest](#)
11:55 PM Oct 24th from web

Demonic children now latching onto that person. four points of damage. [#Deathfest](#)
11:55 PM Oct 24th from web

"Lesser creatures who are playthings of my will" "saint anslem is one of the most powerful and terrifying creatures. Not lesser." [#Deathfest](#)
11:56 PM Oct 24th from web

"Fire the pee-pee lasers at the children!" [#Deathfest](#)
11:56 PM Oct 24th from web

"you, mister einstein, have been hit by the pee-pee laser! Roll damage against einstein!" [#Deathfest](#)
11:57 PM Oct 24th from web

Einstein is trying to become a nuclear bomb, "in theory". Bera allows it. [#Deathfest](#)
11:57 PM Oct 24th from web

reflex saves all around [#Deathfest](#)
11:58 PM Oct 24th from web

"this is a nuclear frcking explosion, who got below a 14?" takes 10 points of damage. crowd protests. 13 damage. [#Deathfest](#)
11:59 PM Oct 24th from web

a lich is trying to weasel out of damage using something or other. Bera allows half damage. [#Deathfest](#)
11:59 PM Oct 24th from web

"I have a fun story about this crucifix, if I can before the nuclear explosion?" "Of course." [#Deathfest](#)
12:00 AM Oct 25th from web

"Have this gift of lucifer's blood and hope it is not the devil's trick" [#Deathfest](#)
12:00 AM Oct 25th from web

"As you are being ripped apart, a voice comes into your head" gets one wish of justice [#Deathfest](#)
12:01 AM Oct 25th from web

"justice is waiting" "Justice waits for no man! I wish, lord, that all those here gain double full health." [#Deathfest](#)
12:02 AM Oct 25th from web

"the nuclear explosion purges the double part" [#Deathfest](#)
12:04 AM Oct 25th from web

bera trying to regain control. "You have to kill this motherfucker." bind him, break his bones, and burn him. Tablets something. [#Deathfest](#)
12:05 AM Oct 25th from web

Saint Anslem: "if one of you helps me sacrifice people, I'll let you come with me." transforms, everyone roll init. [#Deathfest](#)
12:06 AM Oct 25th from web

mike rozicki gets to go first! [#Deathfest](#)
12:06 AM Oct 25th from web

"does a 15 harass you enough?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:07 AM Oct 25th from web

"what's a 17 get me?" "A 17 gets you dodge the lightning!" "Fuck yeah!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:08 AM Oct 25th from web

Chris is doing his old man voice. "Are there windows here?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:09 AM Oct 25th from web

"I am trying to defenestrate this young man, through the tablet, through the window." [#Deathfest](#)
12:10 AM Oct 25th from web

11 points of damage from this. "Put the item forward, damn it! Last breathe, go!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:10 AM Oct 25th from web

"I fire my rpg launcher. Not at him. Near him." "Fire your rpg launcher towards his big purple derriere." [#Deathfest](#)
12:11 AM Oct 25th from web

Saint Anslem is officially pissed. "It's time to call down the fires of death. Someone big and loud and good at killing things." [#Deathfest](#)
12:13 AM Oct 25th from web

guitar solo, apparently. Will save against face melting. Someone has been playing Brutal Legend too much. [#Deathfest](#)
12:14 AM Oct 25th from web

"in that case, the face melting will commence." Five points of damage. [#Deathfest](#)
12:15 AM Oct 25th from web

"Loki is still in the corner. He's drinking mead. He's having a damn good time." [#Deathfest](#)
12:16 AM Oct 25th from web

Ability: "You can fuck anyone or anything as long as you can convince them you are right." Trying to fuck Loki? [#Deathfest](#)
12:17 AM Oct 25th from web

"Do you know what his children look like? Do you know how painful it is to birth those?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:17 AM Oct 25th from web

"Loki rides you [Frank N Furter] hard and fast, whipping you with whips and chains and swords. Seven points of damage." [#Deathfest](#)
12:18 AM Oct 25th from web

"I love ka-boomy goodness." [#Deathfest](#)
12:18 AM Oct 25th from web

"My baby swarm of mutant, half-zombie, not-spiders are pretty full on dragon brain. Ready to have babies." [#Deathfest](#)
12:19 AM Oct 25th from web

"They're going to have a twincest orgy around Loki and I'm going to join in. It's not for power. It's for more babies!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:20 AM Oct 25th from web

Bera just realized this was a spider. [#Deathfest](#)
12:20 AM Oct 25th from web

They died. "That's okay, they can be more food, we can try again." [#Deathfest](#)
12:21 AM Oct 25th from web

"I need to make my WTF Raptors? save. ...No, you're not a raptor, I'm good." [#Deathfest](#)
12:21 AM Oct 25th from web

Anslem's turn. Reflex saves all around. [#Deathfest](#)
12:22 AM Oct 25th from web

14 or lower: 7 points of damage as the flames circle around you and burn your flesh and turn your fat into a tallow candle. [#Deathfest](#)
12:23 AM Oct 25th from web

"My armor class is 12, but I have the ability to raise it by two if I take off my shirt." She does so IRL. [#Deathfest](#)
12:24 AM Oct 25th from web

Anslem is now bound to Bera's body, I think. [#Deathfest](#)
12:25 AM Oct 25th from web

A flaming angel covered in blood and chains, a wizard covered in glowing runes, and an elf of some sort appear. Anslem's minions [#Deathfest](#)
12:26 AM Oct 25th from web

"Who has higher than 25? Ladybug goes!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:26 AM Oct 25th from web

"I'm going to throw my boat full of lava at them." "Your boat full of lava." "I'm going to surf it." "At these ancient minions?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:28 AM Oct 25th from web

hot burning lava everywhere, reflex save, someone died. [#Deathfest](#)
12:28 AM Oct 25th from web

Dude invites all the world's evil forces into his body to fight Anslem. [#Deathfest](#)
12:30 AM Oct 25th from web

"The hellmouth opens. The evil begins to flood into you like a raging faucet of death." [#Deathfest](#)
12:31 AM Oct 25th from web

"Alright, you throw the twin heart at 'the old guy'" [#Deathfest](#)
12:31 AM Oct 25th from web

"By the ancient powers above and below, by the powers of sea and land, it's time to turn these creatures low, into chickens." [#Deathfest](#)
12:32 AM Oct 25th from web

Will save! 15 or below, turned into a fluffy chicken. Hold, on, I need to check if any of them are raptors. [#Deathfest](#)
12:32 AM Oct 25th from web

Chickens: The only physical attack you have is peck for one damage. AC increased, can still use weapons if you pick them up. [#Deathfest](#)
12:33 AM Oct 25th from web

"Yes, with your opposable chicken thumbs" [#Deathfest](#)
12:33 AM Oct 25th from web

"technically I'm still a police-chicken, so I'm going to arrest the wizard." [#Deathfest](#)
12:34 AM Oct 25th from web

"what does this do exactly?" It doesn't say!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:34 AM Oct 25th from web

Holy hand grenade of Antioch: "How much does this do?" "I don't know; it's the holy hand grenade of Antioch!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:36 AM Oct 25th from web

"the pleasure rod misses." "if anyone wants it it's on the ground now." [#Deathfest](#)
12:37 AM Oct 25th from web

"It hits you in the face." "My face is melted." [#Deathfest](#)
12:38 AM Oct 25th from web

"a voice that says 'orbital targeting system online.' roll a D20" [#Deathfest](#)
12:39 AM Oct 25th from web

"The anvil bears down on the cohorts of saint anslem?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:41 AM Oct 25th from web

"Yes, the get a detonating anvil." [#Deathfest](#)
12:41 AM Oct 25th from web

"You stab it with a no-stats steak knife. It does nothing." [#Deathfest](#)
12:42 AM Oct 25th from web

"the angel is having a bad day, please don't take his picture." [#Deathfest](#)
12:42 AM Oct 25th from web

"Mighty chicken, what is your will?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:42 AM Oct 25th from web

anslem's turn:"I call upon light to come and blind you all!" May cause seizures in your brain to explode fort saves for everyone! [#Deathfest](#)
12:44 AM Oct 25th from web

Eight points of damage, two people are dead. [#Deathfest](#)
12:45 AM Oct 25th from web

Breaking some bones, they came with the minions I think. [#Deathfest](#)
12:46 AM Oct 25th from web

"The bones begin to break. Unfortunately this means you have gained the attention of the guardians." [#Deathfest](#)
12:47 AM Oct 25th from web

"I am going to use 'Ram it Down' on you." Something about a giant fist. [#Deathfest](#)
12:49 AM Oct 25th from web

"Yeah. I then run and hide from him." [#Deathfest](#)
12:49 AM Oct 25th from web

"A crazed wizard riding a ferrari." "My name is grim shadow, I am the sourcerlator. [#Deathfest](#)
12:52 AM Oct 25th from web

"I wield the twin rods hurt and burn and I am here to tak you to the limit" "I need to see if you're a raptor!" "Hurt!" [#Deathfest](#)
12:52 AM Oct 25th from web

"she's kind of humping the coffin as she flies" [#Deathfest](#)
12:53 AM Oct 25th from web

"You're going to have to tell me how my hordes of spiders turned into chickens." [#Deathfest](#)
12:54 AM Oct 25th from web

"I'm going to give you a swarm of chickens, do what you will with it" "All my abilities are useless now." [#Deathfest](#)
12:54 AM Oct 25th from web

"the extra-kinky pleasure rod is propelled into your body by explosives and you take 10 points of damage." He died. [#Deathfest](#)
12:55 AM Oct 25th from web

"I am going to give you the shiniest toy ever,I am going to stick it down in your hand, and you're going to take it with a smile" [#Deathfest](#)
12:57 AM Oct 25th from web

Toy in question is called "the earth shaker" [#Deathfest](#)
12:57 AM Oct 25th from web

"Saint anslem lightning bolts your ass, role a reflex save" [#Deathfest](#)
12:58 AM Oct 25th from web

god of the mayan underworld is here now [#Deathfest](#)
12:58 AM Oct 25th from web

"You there. You are the one who killed my champion, what do you have to say for yourself?" [#Deathfest](#)
12:58 AM Oct 25th from web

Clucking ensues. "well spoken. I offer you a choice." something about HERPES [#Deathfest](#)
12:59 AM Oct 25th from web

"you're going to get some hot herpes juice too!" "reflex save to get out of the way of herpes." [#Deathfest](#)
01:01 AM Oct 25th from web

controversy! Some people used double full health because of confusion. [#Deathfest](#)
01:02 AM Oct 25th from web

Nine points of damage to Kee, he is incinerated. [#Deathfest](#)
01:02 AM Oct 25th from web

"Loki is kind of done with you, he's sleeping right now." "I'm going to do the time warp." "How does the time warp work?" [#Deathfest](#)
01:03 AM Oct 25th from web

"everyone make a will save against dance" [#Deathfest](#)
01:04 AM Oct 25th from web

Loki is doing the time warp. [#Deathfest](#)
01:05 AM Oct 25th from web

"succu-bitch" [#Deathfest](#)
01:05 AM Oct 25th from web

"You grab the succubus. You are now riding her as she rides the coffin" [#Deathfest](#)
01:07 AM Oct 25th from web

chris is grafting an angel's wing onto his back. Can now wind-attack. High-fives himself. [#Deathfest](#)
01:07 AM Oct 25th from web

"Now it's time to bring back something good from the past. Roll a will save or you wink out of existence!" [#Deathfest](#)
01:08 AM Oct 25th from web

"Your existence is a paradox! You wink out of existence." [#Deathfest](#)
01:09 AM Oct 25th from web

"You've been fucking us around ever since the cave man thing, haven't you? I'm going to hit you with a car." [#Deathfest](#)
01:09 AM Oct 25th from web

"Is that melee or ranged?" "Roll dex." "I would also like to ramp off his body to that coffin" [#Deathfest](#)
01:10 AM Oct 25th from web

some death results [#Deathfest](#)
01:11 AM Oct 25th from web

the bones have been broken, the minions are gone now. [#Deathfest](#)
01:13 AM Oct 25th from web

"most powerful orgasm ever" "I found this creature wandering the deadplanes. This orgasm should shatter our minds!" [#Deathfest](#)

01:14 AM Oct 25th from web

Moaning ensues. "Everyone make a will save!" [#Deathfest](#)

01:15 AM Oct 25th from web

crit fail, "Your fragile mind is shattered to bits" [#Deathfest](#)

01:15 AM Oct 25th from web

"you take a good 13 points of damage from that orgasm" [#Deathfest](#)

01:16 AM Oct 25th from web

Judas preist is dead. "You come so hard your penis explodes" "Everyone make a reflex save against the car!" [#Deathfest](#)

01:17 AM Oct 25th from web

and another death from the orgasm "Your mind explodes in pleasure" [#Deathfest](#)

01:17 AM Oct 25th from web

15 points of damage from falling car, dead [#Deathfest](#)

01:18 AM Oct 25th from web

anslem says some things about survival, everyone make wisdom roll [#Deathfest](#)

01:19 AM Oct 25th from web

need to burn all the books written by saint anslem [#Deathfest](#)

01:20 AM Oct 25th from web

"So I'm a chicken. Can I still transform?" [#Deathfest](#)

01:20 AM Oct 25th from web

"I'd like to use a black hole cannon" "Use a black hole cannon on the books! Do it now!" "It's a one." [#Deathfest](#)

01:21 AM Oct 25th from web

the black hole gets stuck in the barrel. reflex saves all around. [#Deathfest](#)

01:21 AM Oct 25th from web

only one person sucked into black hole [#Deathfest](#)

01:22 AM Oct 25th from web

four people still alive [#Deathfest](#)

01:22 AM Oct 25th from web

wing attack against gas tank, cigar, those fucking kids, crit fail, seven points of damage [#Deathfest](#)

01:24 AM Oct 25th from web

"Your turn, ye who have screwed Loki and lived." [#Deathfest](#)

01:24 AM Oct 25th from web

"I'm going to get in the ferrari, I'm going to pull up to Loki, does Loki speak chicken?" [#Deathfest](#)

01:25 AM Oct 25th from web

"Loki speaks every language because he needs to screw everything." "I'm going to tell Loki, 'Let's do this.'" [#Deathfest](#)

01:26 AM Oct 25th from web

Loki gives him something or other. [#Deathfest](#)

01:26 AM Oct 25th from web

Bat-lantern burns some books. Anslem is mad. Shouldn't keep all his books in one place [#Deathfest](#)

01:27 AM Oct 25th from web

"The dance party boom box-oh shit." [#Deathfest](#)

01:27 AM Oct 25th from web

"You start dancing to the safety dance." "I was already dancing!" "Dance harder!" [#Deathfest](#)

01:28 AM Oct 25th from web

to the safety dance. Apparently. [#Deathfest](#)

01:28 AM Oct 25th from web

"Horde of chicken spider mutant doodles will cluck at Loki ask him for more" [#Deathfest](#)

01:29 AM Oct 25th from web

"I ready my super-punch. Does a 24 hit you?" "Yes, a 24 hits my ass." 9 points damage to anslem. [#Deathfest](#)

01:30 AM Oct 25th from web

"I haven't felt pain in thousands of years! You!" "I'm the god damn batman." [#Deathfest](#)

01:30 AM Oct 25th from web

Chris is trying to blow up the car for the third time.

[#Deathfest](#)

01:31 AM Oct 25th from web

"Can I just walk over to the car with a cigar? I don't care what happens to me I just want the car to blow up."

[#Deathfest](#)

01:32 AM Oct 25th from web

chris takes 16 damage, whitney is clucking, takes 20 damage. both dead. [#Deathfest](#)

01:32 AM Oct 25th from web

batman rolls a natural 20 [#Deathfest](#)

01:33 AM Oct 25th from web

Saint anslem fails his save, takes 19 damage, "The front of the ferrari takes his goddamn head off", dies. [#Deathfest](#)

01:34 AM Oct 25th from web

Bera emerges from the blood, all the DMs appear. Bera and Nial are going to Sigil while they're in the Multiverse anyway. End [#Deathfest!](#)

01:35 AM Oct 25th from web

it is lan's birthday. Everyone sings. [#Deathfest](#)

01:35 AM Oct 25th from web

While @silby gazes soulfully into his eyes. This detail is important [#Deathfest](#)

01:36 AM Oct 25th from web

winners were tristian and some girl I don't know her name [#Deathfest](#)

01:36 AM Oct 25th from web

cake is promised. [#Deathfest](#)

01:37 AM Oct 25th from web

winner girl's name is lauren [#Deathfest](#)

01:46 AM Oct 25th from web

chirs told me to post "Chris Summer should get the Badass award" [#Deathfest](#)

01:46 AM Oct 25th from web

The "I know what a sword does award" [#Deathfest](#)

01:47 AM Oct 25th from web

blood sacrifice of children from the ball pit [#Deathfest](#)

01:50 AM Oct 25th from web

"usually when people see dicks, their reaction is not 'oh, those are snakes'" [#Deathfest](#)

01:51 AM Oct 25th from web

"The praying mantis ordered the worker ant to be it's mate" "so for teamwork and for being in that sort of relationship I guess" [#Deathfest](#)

01:52 AM Oct 25th from web

ultimate badass award goes to fuzzy wuzzy the bear. Chris didn't get it! Haha. [#Deathfest](#)

01:53 AM Oct 25th from web

(This is the award ceremony now if that wasn't obvious) [#Deathfest](#)

01:54 AM Oct 25th from web

swarm award for whitney [#Deathfest](#)

01:55 AM Oct 25th from web

"It turned him purple, and made him itch, but by gum he grew, and he punched that brain and made it explode" [#Deathfest](#)

01:57 AM Oct 25th from web

Mike gets an award for surviving despite DMs best efforts. [#Deathfest](#)

01:58 AM Oct 25th from web

Terrible joke award! It will be related to us" [#Deathfest](#)

01:58 AM Oct 25th from web

"I only did this because I wanted to win" [#Deathfest](#)

01:59 AM Oct 25th from web

"What is the worst thing about fucking an eight year old? You get blood all over your clown suit" [#Deathfest](#)

01:59 AM Oct 25th from web

"the barmaid realized halfway across that she had left her cow behind" [#Deathfest](#)

02:01 AM Oct 25th from web

"for making a lava raptor, mike, you get a raptor" [#Deathfest](#)

02:01 AM Oct 25th from web

"rapist of the year award" Shannon critically raped a slave who was rising against the pharaoh [#Deathfest](#)

02:02 AM Oct 25th from web

chris gets an award for killing the tier three boss by killing himself, wins flaming motorcycle. Isn't badass though. [#Deathfest](#)

02:04 AM Oct 25th from web

Player who tried to make friends with the monsters. The exploding brain was her fault. Maya. [#Deathfest](#)

02:05 AM Oct 25th from web

award for trying to convert tier boss to Christianity. Failed, died, killed the boss on the way. [#Deathfest](#)

02:06 AM Oct 25th from web

so I hit the posting limit, which is why I stopped when I did. [#Deathfest](#)

10:48 AM Oct 25th from web

"You are over the status update limit. Please wait a few hours and try again." [#Deathfest](#)

10:49 AM Oct 25th from web

So this tweet is the 200th one I've made with the [#Deathfest](#) hash tag and with that I will stop.

12:40 PM Oct 25th from web

[more](#)

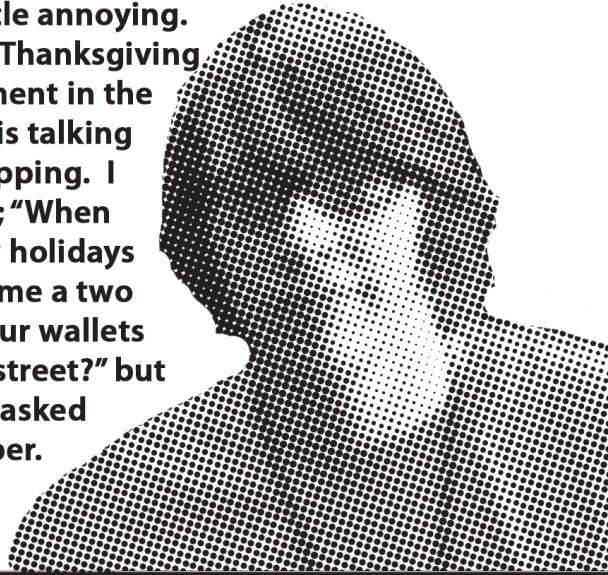
I Have Things

To Say.

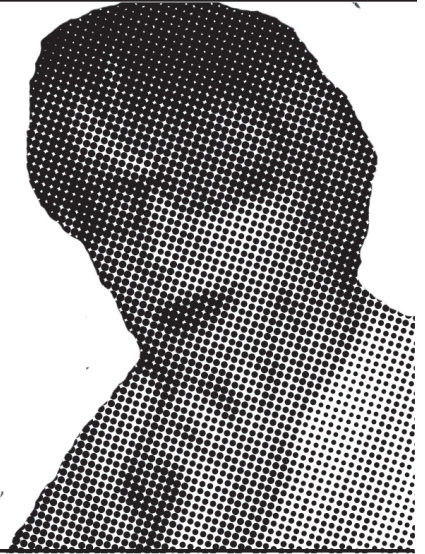
By Alex Wenchel

I've noticed that the Christmas commercials are already out again this year. Its a little annoying.

I mean, lets be honest, Thanksgiving has yet to have its moment in the sun and already Target is talking about your holiday shopping. I would ask the question; "When did the holidays(and by holidays I mean Christmas) become a two month affair between our wallets and the mall down the street?" but that question has been asked as long as I can remember.

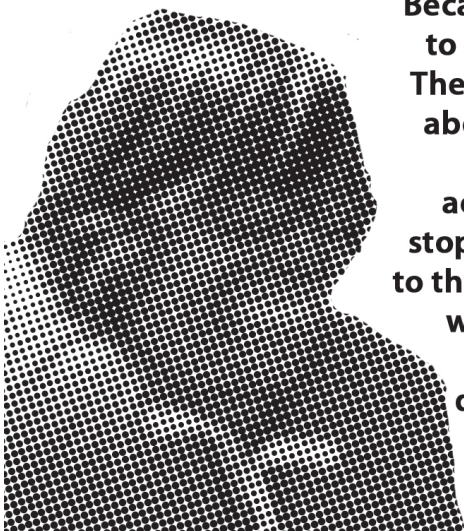


But to be honest, I really dont care if some annoying company starts pumping the television and radio full of sappy messages about love and family and how your wife really needs that diamond necklace. The reason that I mention these Christmas commercials at all is because I am already getting sick of having the conversation that takes place after every one of those ads runs. "Are you serious? A Christmas commercial already?! It's only November! What is wrong with..." and so it continues. I really don't care. It's stupid. Yes. But I'm unwilling to continue discussing it.



Because here is the thing, it doesn't matter what sale they are going to call it this weekend, the prices are going to be exactly the same. They could call it the "Holy Shit It's Tuesday!" sale and it would have about as much pull on my wallet as if they flash a picture of sant at me. The sad truth is that I have about eight dollars in my bank account so unless the sale is on food that I need to make my belly stop rumbling I'm going to pay about as much attention to it as I do to the debate about Ralph Hexter and his plans to destroy the world, which is to say, about zero. So while it is stupid to be putting out a national ad about Santa two months before Christmas I really don't want to rehash the conversation and I doubt you do either.

We both know it's dumb, lets leave it at a knowing look and get on with our day. We have all had the convrsation at least ten times already, I think we are in agreement. Lets move on.



SECTION **LIES**

The Three Days of the Lolocaust

by David Axel Kurtz

My best friend from forever ago, “Hrothgar,” had been out of the country for almost a year. He’d been in Israel, supposedly to work on his doctoral thesis, but really to watch Jews and Muslims get into giant catfights for his entertainment (he is neither). He was about to head up to Montreal to do some teaching, meaning that he would be another year away from that place we still both loosely considered ‘home.’ But for three days, and only three days, the boy would be back in town.

Some would look upon this time constraint as a limitation. Some glass-half-full smilebunnies would probably see it as a glorious sunshining opportunity. I had only three days to make the most of hanging out with my best friend. I took it as a challenge.

Hrothgar’s brief return was supposedly occasioned by the high school graduation of his kid sister, KidSister. Thoughts of her impending graduation seemed to be affecting her quite deeply. This was a completely foreign concept to me. Hrothgar and I had both looked upon high school as kind of protracted plague of torment, butthurt and doom. He had compensated for this by graduating a year early, whereas I had gone to class on alternate Thursdays and so had barely graduated at all. But KidSister actually had things like friends and popularity and investment in the community. Now it was ending. She was a mess.

Her friends weren’t the sort to be of much help in this regard. KidSister, alas, had started to hang out with the sort of people that Hrothgar and I would have shunned like six-foot walking syphilis sores. They wore designer sneakers and backwards baseball caps and obviously thought that high school

was the best part of their lives. In most of their cases, they were probably right.

KidSister had a lot more promise. She was smart enough that she could adapt to any situation and become its master. It was just her bad luck, as for so many other people, that high school is a boring-ass fuck of a situation to adapt to. Being empress of shit is shit (which I will hereafter refer to as “David’s Fecal Monarchy Theorem”). Unlike most of her friends, she would eventually end up in a better situation, whence she would adapt to it, thus to own it like a queen her country. But until then, a little part of me kind of wanted to punch her in the vagina.

But for the sake of who she had been, and who she would be, it fell to us to lighten her load a little. Otherwise there was a good chance her head would explode sometime in the three days before graduation, and she would never have a chance to evolve past the single-celled teenybopper stage of life.

We had to help her. It was an evolutionary imperative.

Fortunately Hrothgar and I keep friends who know how to party without getting in a gang war or ending up in a car chase with the po-po. His older sister, IndieYuppie, would be coming in from Boston, also to watch her sister walk down the aimless aisle. IndieYuppie’s boyfriend, TheCaptain, would be somewhere not far behind her. Their father would be off on business for the duration, so social functions would likely be occurring at the house of their mother, FatalHero. Fortunately FatalHero is chillness +3 and we would not think but to have her join us in all our revelry. Whether she wanted to or not.

It was decided that there were some other peo-

ple who we would do our best to gather to us and our festivities. We called them or texted them or showed up at their houses and left messages with their parents, always giving the joyous proclamation that the weekend was going to involve beer and friends and whatever awesome might lie in the space between.

-LastNames was living just down the road from us and had no car, making us the only fun thing within walking distance. She was in.

-Zipper would be getting back into town later in the weekend, and surely would want to say at least a good-evening to us. But she was soft-spoken and giggled and didn't think bodily functions were a suitable topic of a six-hour conversation. She would come in and leave soon thereafter. Nobody doubted this for a minute.

-Bubbles was floating around in the southern Maine haze somewhere. We would try to extract her therefrom with promises of shiny things to play with. But she was not to be depended upon.

-GregoryCorso was sixteen years old and had to be home by dark. Youth makes a man lame. He was out.

-Smiles could be counted on to follow LastNames wherever she went, and leave shortly thereafter. We have all found this behavior puzzling for the better part of a decade.

-MountainOfVagina had not been seen in two years. Missing, presumed employed.

-IronAndWhine was not much of a large-crowds kind of guy. Also his lithium-induced stupor could be a bit of a buzzkill, much as we loved him.

-WhiteBelt heard about our fun and invited herself over, repeatedly. But there was a group consensus that we'd all rather get aviator sunglasses stuck in our tracheae than have to listen to her talk for

more than thirty consecutive seconds. She was out of the picture. Audited. Deleted. Failed.

-Renfield was now pushing enough drugs to make Boston George Jung look small-time. Unfortunately she was violating Commandment One, and was now constantly high on her own supply. She had called Hrothgar no less than 13 times in a two-day period, and by Hrothgar I mean his mother's answering machine. She was decreed too unstable to be conducive to chillness, and was blackballed in turn.

-GitPiece would be in town for only one day of the three, during which time he needed to remind his parents what he looked like and pack up all his earthly possessions for graduate school. We all felt bad about asking him to waste time with us. But we are hyenas. He was in.

-Fappy was otherwise sitting in his room beating it while reading Julian Jaynes. He was in.

-I would otherwise have been sitting in my room throwing myself at another unpublishable novel. A practice, as any honest writer will tell you, not much different than putting hands in pants. Writing's fun but it wouldn't get me drunk... or laid... or published. So I was in with bells on, and damn glad to be so.

And there was plenty of other baggage that was floating around besides KidSister and her fear of getting diplomaed. IndieYuppie had twenty years of schooling and was doing a job she could have been doing in high school, frustrating her right up a wall. TheCaptain hated his job and didn't feel like he was giving anything back, driving him insane. LastNames had been sweating GitPiece for the better part of a year, and he had still not picked up on it. GitPiece had been sweating LastNames for nearly as long, and wasn't doing anything about it. Certain factions had been trying to get FatalHero and Fappy together for two summers now. Zipper also wanted GitPiece but was even more shy than he was obli-

ous; Bubbles wanted to break IndieYuppie off from TheCaptain in the worst way; Fappy was looking at Hrothgar like a starving man at a Georgia peach; and the possibility of WhiteBelt showing up at any moment, coked out of her mind and singing The Strokes offkey, hung constantly in the background like the afterbuzz of bad speed.

Whereas I am a simpler fellow. I just wanted a beer, and my people-peoples around me.

Let me summarize the schedule of the weekend for you: I showed up at 5:00 Friday afternoon and stayed through to 1:00 Monday morning, going home only to sleep and scrub.

Trying to divide up the events of the weekend would be impossible for me. Saturday blurs with Monday, et cetera, ad factorialam. Yet I do not believe that chronological order is a necessity for proper, or even factual narrative presentation. This is New Journalism, bitches. Signed. Categorized. Motherfucking dichotomized. Deal with it.

These are my clearest memories of events of the Longest Weekend:

-Putting a six-pack of Newcastle Brown in the fridge and drinking each of them at regular intervals, noticing that they each tasted different at their respective levels of coolness

-Decanting a bottle of Langmeil's "Valley Floor" Shiraz into an oaken cask, then installing the cask on the coffee table for easy access

-Being told by Hrothgar that showing up with a cask of wine was "very Kurtz"

-Being told this same thing by Fappy, who had known me for only twenty minutes

-Hrothgar and Fappy disappearing outside for 45 minutes at a time, coming inside and locking themselves in the bathroom together

-GregoryCorso coming over for a while, drinking a ginger beer and reading poetry about Bob Marley

-Hrothgar getting his hands on a guitar and disappearing into the magical land of open-tuning for something like six hours

-Running down to the ocean at 2am to pee, because the bathroom was in use

-Bubbles being scared off by two pineapples next to each other on the counter, the tabletop between having been labeled "cleavage" in red magic marker

-Smiles showing up with LastNames and then leaving shortly thereafter, to our continued bemusement

-FatalHero discovering that TheCaptain had left a half-empty bottle of Dewar's White in a cabinet some months before; TheCaptain being very much excited

-LastNames and I destroying the majority of the remaining Scotch; TheCaptain looking on helplessly from the couch

-Zipper and GitPiece hiding in a corner while we talked about bukkake

-A lull in the conversation being broken by FatalHero asking loudly, "What's bukkake?"

-To which IndieYuppie replied, "It's... it's a mushroom. You know. Like shiitake."

-A conversation about semen involved KidSister protesting that a single load had over 2,000 calories, as she "had read in Cosmo." This was followed by me declaring that Cosmo was not a reliable journal, its articles not being subject to peer review, and besides a load usually is on the order of 6-15 calories

-KidSister suddenly getting a look in her eyes that can only be described as gilded happiness

-FatalHero punching me in the kidneys

-Two different sorties into town running into WhiteBelt, each managing to blow her off without getting killed in a frenzy of hipster rage

-Going around the circle, sharing buttsecks stories; being disappointed at the lack of stories to share

-Extracting promises from all to the effect of, “moar buttsecks plz”

-The death of four more bottles of wine and four more six-packs, as well as a bunch of leftbehind Coronas. A tear shed for the lost...

-Lol

-Lolrus

-Lolcano

-Lollerskates

-Lollercoaster

-The spymaster to Elizabeth I of England, Sir Francis Lolsingham

-Padishah of Persia Mohammed Reza Pahvlolvi

-Other members of the Pahvlolvid Dynasty

-Finally getting people to laugh at my discourse on “The Lolmaha Massacre”

-Many and various other manifestations of what would come to be known as “The Kennebunk Lolo-caust”

-Discussing texts by which to introduce high schoolers to postmodernist literary theory (White Noise was the winner)

-Pointing out that White Noise was written by “Don DeLollo”

-Getting punched in the kidneys again

-Yelling at LastNames to jump on GitPiece, while the latter was at the store

-Yelling at GitPiece to jump on LastNames, while the latter was in the bathroom

-Nothing happening. Kids today...

-FatalHero telling me not to be “an hero”

-Shopping for PedoBear tees, using a computer that is the property of the local school district

-CUNT PUNT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!111

-A history of the use of multiple exclamation points, beginning with Tom Wolfe in ye olde pre-digital age

-Complete and total 4channeling; degeneration into memes; &c

Yet what was of particular interest to me was that we did not begin our semiretarded descent into discussions of internet culture & its manyvarious outputs, nor of any message boards at all, until well after the event which I shall refer to only as The Advice Pig.

It was IndieYuppie’s idea. She had found a beautiful iron piggiebank at a tag sale down in Boston. It was her idea to give it to KidSister filled with advice. Little pieces of paper, folded up, each containing a Word (or More) of Wisdom. Rather like the flak jacket which is handed down between generations of White House press secretaries. Honest. Pragmatic. A fine idea for a rising collegian.

We were sitting around FatalHero’s coffee table. IndieYuppie and TheCaptain were on the couch, cuddling to beat the band. LastNames was lying back and nursing a tall boy. Fappy was on the computer, reading XKCD and drinking red wine

mixed with orange juice. Hrothgar was peaced out in the corner, guitar in hand, highball between his feet. FatalHero herself was puttering around in back, and I was in the rocking chair, enjoying the inexplicable rocking sensation occurring all about me. Things were well chill. We hoped that they would continue that way when KidSister showed up, which would be between ten minutes and ten hours from then.

IndieYuppie explained the Pig's great purpose, pulled out a piece of paper and began folding it, the better to tear it into regular little rectangles. With a little stack of empty paper in her hand, she got to work.

She shared her advice with us as she wrote it. She took great care in crafting every line. We all expressed that she was doing a very good job in passing along wise words to her little sibling. A difficult mission doubly so due to how much we felt said sibling needed such advice, and knowing full well how she would respond to most of the advice that we would like to give her.

The fearful clarion of the evening came, I confess it, out of my mouth. It was a simple phrase, so often pacific entire, yet so often, in my experience, wrought with what can only be called neon billboard foreshadowing. It went something like this:

"Hey, can I help?"

FatalHero and IndieYuppie looked at each other. Then they nodded their head, sure, whynot?

I went to the little desk in the corner of the room, upon which I had earlier seen a thick pad of post-its. I took out a pen, then, and began to get to work.

The following are a sample of the words of advice that I proposed be given to KidSister, all of which I passed to one or another person in the room to read.

-Be not a borrower nor a lender be

-Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage

-When handling a stinging insect, move very slowly

-When in danger or in doubt/Run in circles, scream and shout

-Treat yourself well

-Work it

-When it's raining, wear a raincoat

-Always tip a hooker

-If you're tits aren't floppy, you aren't fucking enough

-Cum is impossible to wash out of hair. Fucking seriously. Don't even try.

-Get a cock, then slap people with it

-Cum contains many essential nutrients. It may or may not be vegan.

-Fuck him hard; burn more calories

-Bend over

-Fap

-Never go ass to mouth

-Thick is better than long

-Never a borrower nor a lender be... in bed

-If he's eaten seafood in the past 24 hours, then he can give himself head

-Bros b4 hoez

-Saran wrap is an acceptable fabric for blouses. It's the new black!

-Anal is for lovers

-Bukkake: it's good for the skin

-Bukkake is actually quite bad for the skin. Make sure to lick it all up. NOM!

-Eat brains.

-Fap fap fap fap fap fap fap.

-More cowbell.

-When you're done, you can still eat the banana.

-(beneath a picture of a small marmoset)
Always feed the Vag Badger!

-(inside a recycling symbol)
Sloppy Seconds!

-(inside a bursting fountain)
Swallow!

-(inside a distended anus, a la Goatse)
Where's Waldo?

-Puff

-Puff

-Pass

-A hard man is good to find

-When God give you lemons, kill him.

-Just bend over and grab your ankles

Et cetera.

By the end of the evening, the entirety of FatalHero's living room was covered in these green post-its. It took about six hours, but I exhausted every single pad she had. There was a "Tits or GTFO" sign on her front door, a "don't cross the streams"

warning on the toilet, a "mezuzah of luv" on the doorjamb, and a large and prominent "vagina dentata" on the glass of the portico door. Empty beer bottles had been relabeled to the advisory effect of "drink moar" and "kidneys are decorative" and "chug until you pee; it's a closed system!"

Unfortunately I did not save any of these, so I am going only by memory. I am sure I am forgetting about five hundred of them, which is probably for the best for all concerned.

After careful consideration by IndieYuppie and FatalHero, it was determined that some 5 of my post-its were suitable for inclusion in the Advice Pig. To be honest, I am rather surprised that I achieved such a high rate of approval.

About this time, during a period of either sudden sobriety or inspired intoxication, it occurred to me that it was perhaps not so unusual that my post-it notes contained such a high density of internet memes. For truly, what how was I spending my evening differently from an average internet user? There I was, sitting in a chair, writing down caustic little phrases of an often spooagal nature, and passing them around for people to ogle and guffaw over. It was little metaphorical leap to go from post-its to digital posts; my circle of participants may have been 10 and not 10,000,000 but still it was of the same substance, though to a different scale.

I found myself quite often trying to recycle visual images – viz. the Vag Badger – to create commonality, or continuing jokes well past their point of no return in order to gain the added lols of a running gag. Hell, I even found myself slipping into an esoteric language so as to give my audience the feeling of being in a special circle, separated from the world by our very attendance of this little party. The fact that the language I employed was more than 75% the language of the internet subculture is worthy, I think, of being remarked upon.

But I will not take this opportunity to explore the implications of these curious synchronicities. Because now is not the place, and my thoughts are not yet fully developed on the subject to warrant an essay thereunto.

Also... tl;dr. Fucking seriously.

Let it simply be said that I was glad to know that, even if the internet is not as cool as real people, real people can at least at times be as cool as the internet.

The Lolst Weekend came to an end sometime the following Monday morning. KidSister had walked and gotten her diploma sometime Sunday, then had gone out and still hadn't come home. Bubbles had shown up and left soon thereafter, likewise Smiles and Zipper, as we had called. WhiteBelt and Renfield had managed to avoid the party, giving us the happiness of their absence but the sadness of dread unrealized; we were all storytellers enough of our own stories that we bemoaned, in a small way, our having to introduce a gun that was never fired. GitPiece had proven himself less than a man which LastNamees was taking like more than a woman. There had been no real sex, no wanton debauchery. It was a weekend of safety, of chill and lackaday. Nothing ventured, nothing won, but no complaints about it.

Now FatalHero was at home cleaning up our legion of wounded soldiers, and IndieYuppie, TheCaptain, Hrothgar, LastNamees and I were at breakfast in Kennebunkport. It was a lovely time for reflection. We swirled our coffees and ate our scones and laughed and talked and laughed.

We all agreed we all were healthy, healthier indeed than we had ever seen each other, and that it warmed our hearts to see each other so. We each

had the beginnings of nice little lives for ourselves – all except me, who was the only undergraduate at the table, which I ascribe to deific persecution and the generally sadistic nature of existence. We were, I think, to our rather mutual fear, despite a weekend of drunken debauchery whose dirtiness of practice was checked only by its dirtiness of mind... rather adults.

And we all agreed never to talk about bukake again. Ever.

In retrospect, we took those three days of his visit and made them as a single day, one unending epic day. Though there are a few memories that I might wish had been washed away in a flood of booze and memes, yet deep down I do confess I would not trade a moment away. It was an exercise in limnity, the entire weekend, demonstrating our passing the boundary between childhood and adulthood with a Significance I am sure I shall only appreciate the more as I grow older. Which is why I have taken the time to record the events of the weekend, as best as I can recall them; let this, then, be as a tribute to its memory.

It was three days of fapping, with friends and beer and love. If humanity has discovered a better way to spend a weekend, I have not heard of it.

~~~~~david axel kurtz

kennebunkport, 2009



## Omen office photographs by Victoria Quine



WORLD'S WORST YO MAMA JOKES V

by David Axel Kurtz

(continued from an old Omen which was found in the Omen Office)

Yo mama so fat, she fatter than Ian McEwan!

Yo mama so ugly, she clearly gave you her genetic material!

Yo mama so crazy, she Herb Bernstein!

Yo mama so lacking in scientific methodology and intellectual rigor, she teach in HACU!

Yo mama is my mama. Wait, we should stop fucking.

Yo mama Yo mama Mama Mama Hare Hare

Yo mama DESU DESU DESU DESU DESU

Yo mama edits Hampedia. Yeah. I'm sorry dude.

Yo mama go get the turducken.

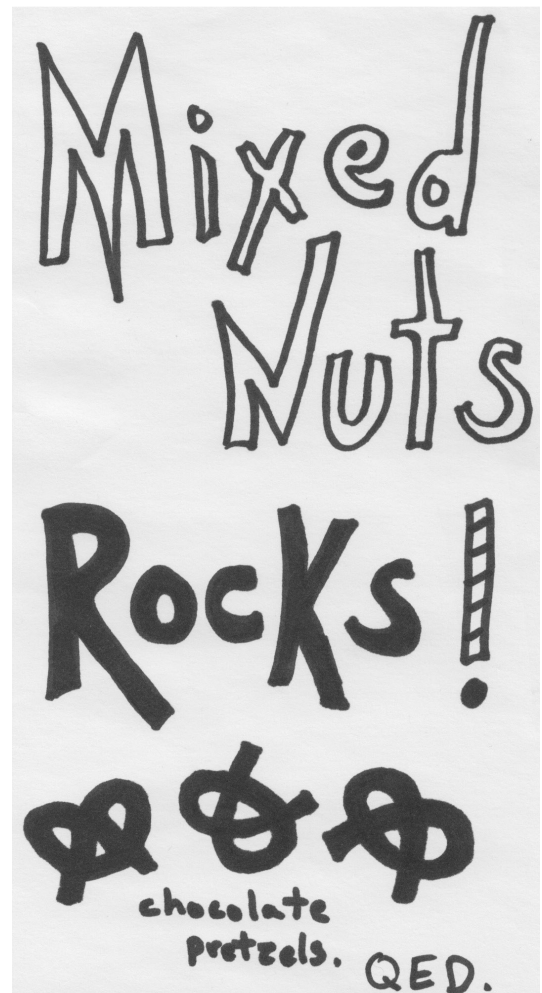
Yo mama boisterous pies. (EWWWW)

Yo mama OMG IN-JOKES. (lulz)

Yo mama lobees you.



by Tatiana Soutar



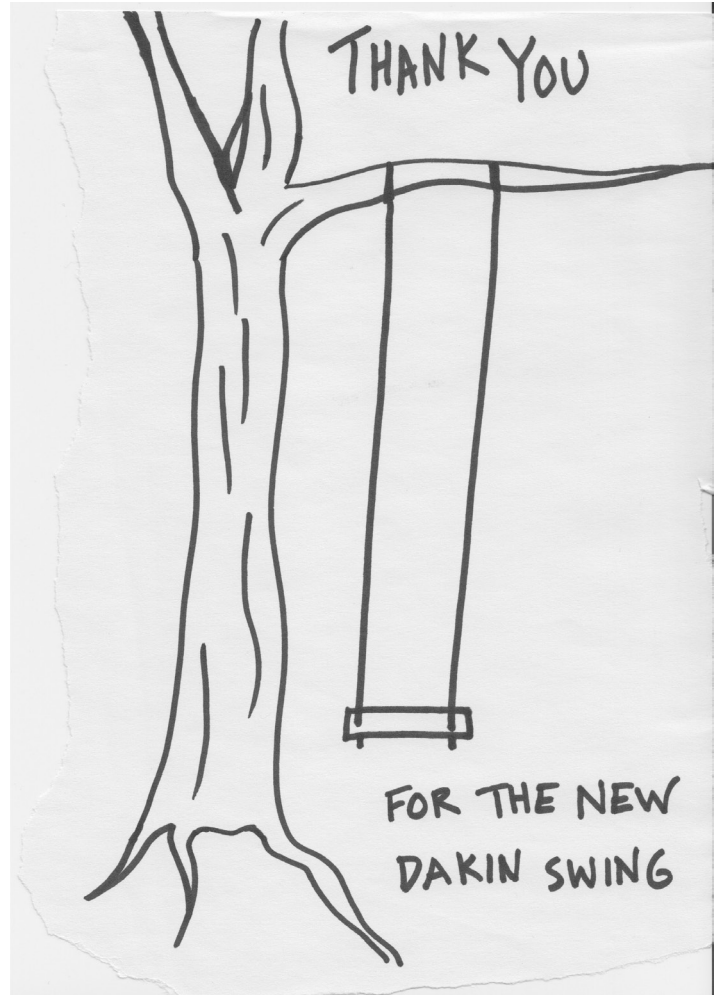
## Things I Got While Trick or Treating in Enfield and Greenwich

by Victoria Quine

- a hug
- a strawberry
- pumpkin seeds
- green seedless grapes
- pink "Happy Birthday" plate
- a high five
- bag of popcorn
- red envelope which reads "Something the words are hard to find/But he love is always there."
- bag of popcorn
- garlic
- 2 Nyquil LiquiCaps Cold & Flu Multi-System relief (contains acetaminophen, dextromethorphan, HBr doxylamine succinate)
- half a daikon radish
- 1 bag of TAZO green ginger green tea
- Spiderman candy sticks
- a leek
- a glow stick
- Rice Krispie treats
- handful of mini marshmallows
- 2 smarties connected such that they resemble a Torah
- packet of Swiss Miss Milk Chocolate mix with Marshmallows
- 1 sticker from Trader Joe's
- pack of Whoppers
- several chocolate covered walnuts
- 1 body part gummy candy (nose)
- mini Milky Way
- Laffy Taffy (2 cherry, 1 strawberry, 1 banana)
- 1 packet peanut M&M's
- Frozen Tootsie Pop
- Alpenleibe white (rich milky candy)
- Butterfinger
- Mini Reese's peanut butter cup
- handful of cranberries
- offers of: shots, beer, licking bread dough off of a girl's fingers, half cooked potato, cigarette, pet rat (I tried to take it)

Abridged list of things my friends got while Trick or Treating in Enfield & Greenwich:

- Jar of Gefilte fish (in jellied broth)
- half inflated beach ball
- 2 Dayquil LiquiCaps Cold & Flu Multi-System Relief (acetaminophen, dextromethorphan, HBr phenylephrine HCl)
- Tigger picture viewer-through toy
- carrot 🥕



Tara Jacob

# Useless Mindscrambled Ramble

by Mia Metivier

I realized that I wanted to submit to the Omen for a few reasons: a) I haven't for a about a year, b) I feel compelled to ramble about shit, and who cares how wide of an audience it goes out to, though I really don't know how many people actually read the Omen on a regular basis (sorry Omen staff), and c) that little black sheep is always glaring. It wants submissions. Bad. And I figure no one cares anyway, so, what the hell?

Anyway, blah blah blah blah...  
Oh right, content.

I find myself once again in my room on my computer at midnight, doing nothing in particular that's particularly productive, though goodness knows we all have a million things we should actually be doing. I have my procrastination down to a personal finesse, as I do have an eventual breaking point when I DO get my shit done, just not always in the most timely manner, and always with some urgency and little sleep the night beforehand. But I'm sure we've all dealt with this at some point so I'll stop boring you and digress.

I find my capacity to break from routine to be rather lacking, but hey, whatever works. This is most particularly true in the realm of technology. My fellows find it utterly perplexing and often unforgivable how little I understand and take advantage of the abilities of my Macbook. Seriously, it's a computer. As long as I can use word and access the internet with a decent speed, I really don't care. And YES I usually only have ONE tab open at once, YES I am comfortable with this, NO I don't multi-task well, and what do you CARE that I use the mouse pad with my left hand and click with my right? Did it occur to anyone that I am a lefty, and therefore would prefer to use my left hand, but was trained to click with a righty mouse, and so I am still comfortable clicking as such, and am simply caught in a

crux between the two? Honestly, it doesn't matter. So maybe my efficiency is not up to par with today's world, but I am comfortable staying ignorant of the millions of apps you all have on your iPhones. I currently have a tracfone with exactly 0 minutes left because I'm a fucking poor art student, and an iPod shuffle.

Anyway, about procrastination: I find myself in an endless cycle for how I put off written work. First there's Hampshire email to check, then Yahoo to uhhh delete (ahem, spam), facebook to lounge around on and browse (though we mean stalk, right?) through statuses, FML to peruse, Postsecret to enjoy if it's Sunday, and xkcd if I'm desperate to avoid work (though don't at all view that as a dis, that's good shit right there). Then maybe back to facebook again to see if statuses have changed. Bah.

I need to get my head on straight. Spewing rambling grievances isn't really easing how messed-up I've been feeling. Time, time, time. I'd like to believe it cures all, but hell even my cold has come back when I thought THAT was getting better. Though I haven't failed to notice others in a similar predicament, so I should probably shut my yap and stop feeling sorry for myself. Best to just go through each day one at a time, and try to stay productive on some level; some days are better than others.

I just revert to glancing at the quote I put on my door now and again, and it puts things in perspective:

"Let us rise up and be thankful, for if we didn't learn a lot today, at least we learned a little, and if we didn't learn a little, at least we didn't get sick, and if we got sick, at least we didn't die; so, let us all be thankful." ~Buddha

Yep, we're not dead yet. Best act like it. 🙏

